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Eng. Poetry vol. 21.

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A N

O D E

For the Birth-Day of Her Royal
Highness the Princess of *Wales*,

St. *David's* Day, the First of *March*,

1715 - 16.

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For the Birth-Day of Her Royal
Highness the Princess of Wales



St David's Day, the First of March

1755-10

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F O R T H E

Birth-Day of Her Royal Highness
The PRINCESS of WALES,

St. *David's* Day, the First of *March*, 17¹⁵/₁₆.

Set to MUSIC by Dr. *J. C. Pepusch*,

And Perform'd at the Anniversary Meeting of the Society
of Ancient *Britons*, establish'd in Honour of Her Royal
Highness's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of *Wales*.

Written by Mr. *HUGHES*.

*Salve leta Dies! meliorque revertere semper,
A Populo rerum digna potente coli!* Ovid.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-against
Catherine-street in the *Strand*. 1716.

To Her Royal Highness the

Princess of Wales

Birth Day of Her Royal Highness

The Princess of Wales

St. David's Day, the 1st of June

Set to Music by J. B. C. Evans

And performed at the Anniversary Meeting of the Society
of Ancient Music, at the Hall of the Royal
High School, Cardiff, on the 1st of June, 1891.

Written by Mr. J. B. C. Evans

Printed and Published by J. B. C. Evans,
Cardiff.



Price 1s. 6d.

Published by J. B. C. Evans, Cardiff.

To Her Royal Highness the
PRINCESS of WALES,

The following O D E is most
Humbly Inscrib'd and Dedicated
By

Her Royal HIGHNESS's

Most Obedient, and most

Dutifully Devoted Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

To Her Royal Highness the
PRINCESS OF WALES

The following O.D.E. is most
Humbly inscribed and Dedicated
By

Her Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and most

Dutifully Devoted Servant,

John Hughes.



ODE *for Two Voices;*

For the Birth-Day of Her Royal Highness
the PRINCESS of *W A L E S*.

First Voice, F A M E.

Second Voice, C A M B R I A, or the Princi-
pality of *W A L E S*.

Both Voices, with a Trumpet.



O Joy, to Triumphs Dedicate the Day!

C A M B R I A.

*Rise, Goddess of immortal Fame,
And, with thy Trumpet's swelling Sound,
To all Britannia's Realms around,
The double Festival proclaim.*

F A M E.

F A M E.

*The Goddess of immortal Fame
 Shall, with her Trumpet's swelling Sound,
 To all Britannia's Realms around,
 The double Festival proclaim.*

Both Voices.

*O'er Cambria's distant Hills let the loud Notes rebound!
 Each British Soul be rais'd, and every Eye be Gay!
 To Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day.*

F A M E.

*Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
 Thy Patron-Saint looks smiling down,
 Well pleas'd to see
 His Day, Prolifick of Renown,
 Encreas'd in Honours to himself and thee;
 See CAROLINA's Natal Star arise,
 And with new Beams adorn thy Azure Skies!*

Tho'

Tho' on her Virtues I shou'd ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous Virtues tell.
 Bright in her self, and in her Off-spring bright,
 On *Britain's* Throne she casts diffusive Light;

Detraction from her Presence flies;
 And while promiscuous Crouds in Rapture gaze,
 Ev'n Tongues disloyal learn her Praise,
 And murm'ring Envy sees her Smile, and dyes.

Happy Morn! such Gifts bestowing!
Britain's Joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus Auspicious Shine!

Happy Isle! such Gifts possessing!
Britain, ever own the Blessing!

CAROLINA's Charms are thine.

C A M B R I A.

Not yet, O *Fame*, dost thou display
 All the Triumphs of this Day;
 More Wonders yet arise to Sight!

See! o'er these Rites what mighty * Pow'r presides!
 Behold, to thee his early Steps he guides;
 What noble Ardour does his Soul excite!
 Henceforth, when to the list'ning Universe
 Thou number'st o'er my Princes of Renown,
 The second Hope of Britain's Crown,
 When my great † Edward's Deeds thou shalt rehearse,
 And tell of Cressy's well-fought Plain,
 Thy golden Trumpet sound again!
 The brave AUGUSTUS shall renew thy Strain,
 And Oudenarda's Fight immortalize the Verse.

[*Air with a Harp.*]

*Heav'nly Muses! tune your Lyres,
 Far resounding;
 Grace the Hero's glorious Name.*

*See! the Song new Life inspires!
 Every Breast, with Joy abounding,
 Seems to Share the Hero's Flame.*

F A M E.

* *His Royal Highness; President of the Society.*

† *Edward the Black Prince.*

F A M E.

O thou, with every Virtue Crown'd,
Britannia's Father, and her King renown'd!
 Thus in thy Off-spring greatly blest,
 While thro' th' extended Royal Line
 Thou seest thy propagated Lustre shine,
 What secret Raptures fill thy Breast!
 So Smiles *Apollo*, doubly Gay,
 When in the Diamond, with full Blaze,
 He views his own Paternal Rays
 And all his bright reflected Day.

C A M B R I A.

Hail Source of Blessings to our Isle!
 While gloomy Clouds shall take their Flight,
 Shot thro' by thy Victorious Light,
 Propitious ever on thy BRITONS Smile!

Both Voices.

To Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day.

CAM-

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F I N I S.

